

ANC

# PLASTIC MAN



SEPTEMBER

No. 48

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**KILLER  
CROSSBONES**







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PLASTIC MAN

# PLASTIC MAN

THE FORMER NAZI U-BOAT COMMANDER WOULD STOP AT NOTHING TO CAPTURE AMERICA'S MOST PRIZED UNDER-SEAS CRAFT! AND SO IT WAS INEVITABLE THAT PLASTIC MAN AND WOOLZY, ASSIGNED AS SECURITY GUARDS TO OUR ATOMIC SUBMARINE, WOULD COME TO GRIPS WITH THE MODERN DAY PIRATE! DEATH AND DANGER LURKED ALONG EACH NAUTICAL MILE THAT WAS TRAVELED AS THE FAMED F.B.I. TEAM MATCHED WITS AND COURAGE AGAINST THE FANATICAL...

## Killer Crossbones

HELP, PLAS! THEY'RE STRETCHING ME AND I'M NOT MADE OF RUBBER LIKE YOU!

ACHTUNG!  
WE GOT  
BOTH MEDDLERS  
NOW!





# PLASTIC MAN

WASHINGTON'S GAZE IN AWE AS A FANTASTIC OBJECT HURTLES DOWN THE STREET IN OUR NATION'S CAPITAL!

G-GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT IS IT?

PLAS! WE MUST BE DOIN' NINETY! WILL YA CUT YOUR SPEED...I DON'T WANTA DIE!

SORRY, WOOLZY! BUT CHIEF BRANNER SAID HE HAD TO SEE US AT ONCE! GET SET...THE F.B.I. BUILDING IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER!

HALP! I-I CAN'T STOP THESE THINGS! I'M GONNA CRASH INTO THAT WALL...GULP! GULP!...G-GOODBYE, CRUEL WORLD!

WOOLZY! YOU TOLD ME YOU KNEW HOW TO ROLLER SKATE! WELL...LOOKS LIKE I'LL HAVE TO COME TO YOUR RESCUE AGAIN...AS A HUMAN FOAM RUBBER CUSHION!

G-GOSH...P-PLAS...I'M...S-SURE GLAD...Y-YOU'RE FAST ON YOUR...F-FEET! T-THANKS...

FORGET IT! PULL YOURSELF TOGETHER, WOOLZY! WE'RE KEEPING THE CHIEF WAITING!

ON THE FAMED F.B.I. TEAM OF PLASTIC MAN AND WOOLZY HOLDS AN ALL IMPORTANT CONFERENCE WITH THEIR SUPERIOR!

OUR ATOMIC SUBMARINE "STINGER RAY" IS EMBARKING ON ITS SHAKEDOWN CRUISE IN FIVE DAYS! I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU THAT THESE TRIALS WILL REVOLUTIONIZE SEA WARFARE IF SUCCESSFUL, PLASTIC MAN!

I UNDERSTAND THE "STINGER RAY" WILL BE LOADED WITH ALL OUR LATEST TOP SECRET EQUIPMENT, CHIEF BRANNER! BUT...HOW DO WOOLZY AND I FIT IN?

THE NAVY HAS REQUESTED A SECURITY GUARD TO GO ALONG ON THE OPERATION! AS OUR BEST AGENTS I'M ASSIGNING YOU AND WOOLZY TO THE CRUISE!

I CAN UNDERSTAND THE NAVY'S CONCERN, CHIEF! AMERICA'S ENEMIES WOULD CERTAINLY LIKE TO THROW A

MONKEY WRENCH INTO THOSE TRIALS!

WOW! A CRUISE ON AN A-SUB...SOME ASSIGNMENT, EH, PLAS?

YOU'D BETTER REPORT TO THE SKIPPER, COMMANDER JENSON, AT THE NAVY YARD IMMEDIATELY, PLASTIC MAN!

RIGHT, CHIEF! HOW ARE YOUR SEA LEGS, WOOLZY?

NEVER BETTER, PLAS! I'M A NATURAL BORN SAILOR! THIS IS GONNA BE FUN!

WOOLZY WOULD HAVE GOOD CAUSE TO REGRET HIS WORDS IF HE WERE PRESENT AT A SECRET MEETING HALF WAY AROUND THE WORLD!

AH, GENTLEMEN... YOU HAVE COME TO THE RIGHT MAN! IF IT IS POSSIBLE TO CAPTURE THE AMERICAN A-SUB, KILLER CROSSBONES, FORMER NAZI U-BOAT COMMANDER, WILL DO IT!

IT WILL NOT BE SO EASY, KILLER! OUR SPIES INFORM US THE F.B.I. IS SENDING PLASTIC MAN ON THE CRUISE!



# PLASTIC MAN

THAT ELASTIC IDIOT...BAH! I WILL SLASH HIM TO RIBBONS WITH MY RAZOR SHARP HOOK AS I DO THIS RUBBER BAND! WHEN DOES THE "STINGER RAY" SAIL?

IN FIVE DAYS! THIS IS THE ROUTE THE A-SUB WILL TRAVEL ON THE SHAKEDOWN CRUISE! OUR AGENTS MANAGED TO RECORD THE ORIGINAL ON MICROFILM!

EXCELLENT! WITH THIS INFORMATION I CAN PROMISE YOU THE CAPTURE OF THE "STINGER RAY" WITHIN THE MONTH! HOW DO YOU WISH TO ARRANGE PAYMENT?

UPON DELIVERY OF THE SUB IN OUR HANDS! GOODBYE...AND GOOD LUCK, COMRADE!

TEN DAYS LATER, THE MIGHTY ATOMIC SUB CHURNS THE WATERS OF THE ATLANTIC...AND WITHIN ITS GREAT HULL ARE PLASTIC MAN AND WOZZY!

WE'RE UNDER WAY WITH THE FIRST TEST NOW, PLASTIC MAN... A FORTY-EIGHT HOUR ENDURANCE TRIAL BENEATH THE SEA!

HM-M...SHE'S MOVING ALONG AS SMOOTH AS SILK! WHEN DO WE EAT, COMMANDER JENSON? I'M STARVED!

F-FOOD! AW, PLAS, HAVE A HEART! DON'T TALK 'BOUT SUCH THINGS.. I DON'T FEEL SO WELL!

WHY, WOZZY, YOU'RE SEASICK! I THOUGHT YOU WERE A NATURAL BORN SAILOR?

I-I AM...AN ARM-CHAIR SAILOR! GOSH, PLAS, EVEN MY GOOSE PIMPLES HAVE GOOSE PIMPLES! THIS SURE IS AN AWFUL FEELING!

MEANWHILE, IN THE AIR ABOVE THE SUBMERGED "STINGER RAY"...

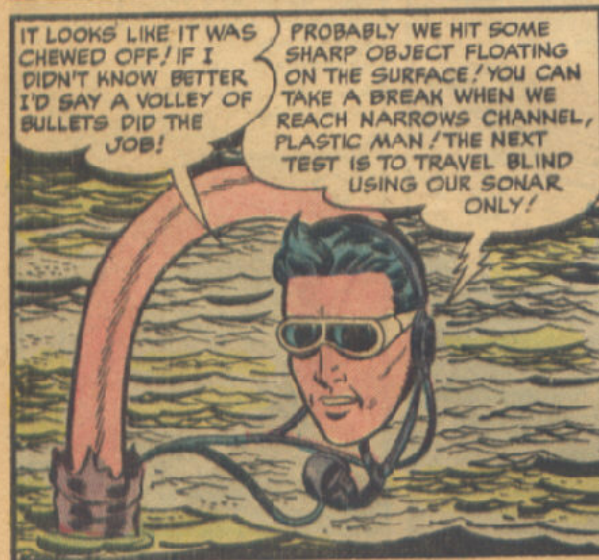
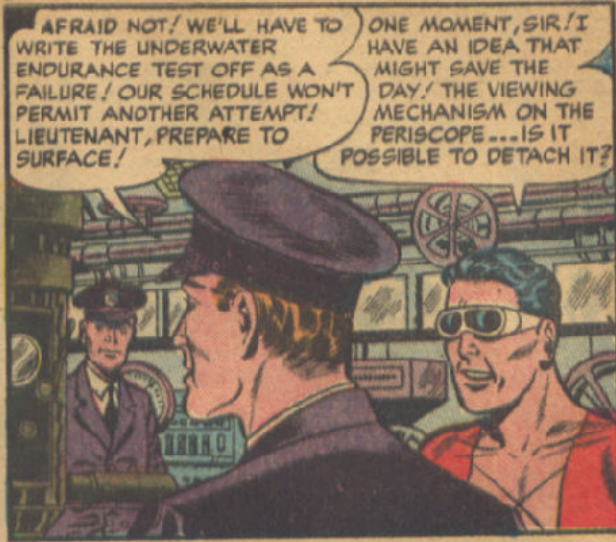
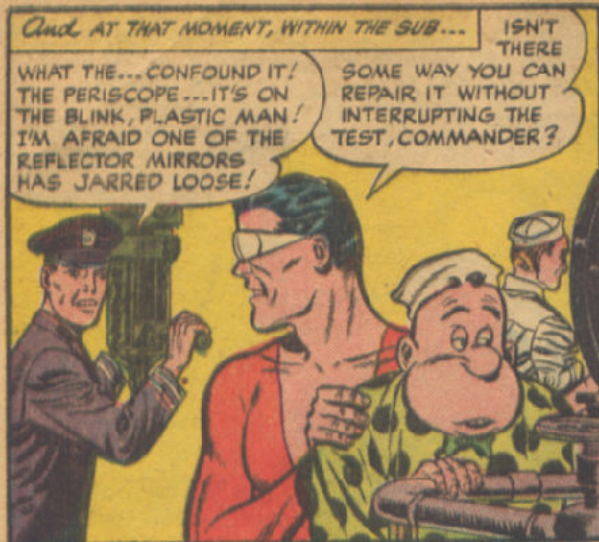
THERE IT IS...AT SEVEN O'CLOCK! ATTENTION! ATTENTION, FIGHTER WING! PREPARE FOR ALL OUT ATTACK! OUR OBJECT IS TO DESTROY THE PERISCOPE!

ONCE WE BLIND THE "STINGER RAY" IT WILL SURFACE! THEN, OUR FLEET OF TORPEDO BOATS CONCEALED BEHIND THE FOG BANK WILL CAPTURE HER!

THE PERISCOPE IS KAPUT! THIS WILL BE EASIER THAN I THOUGHT! ACHTUNG, TORPEDO BOATS! DO NOT SHOW YOURSELVES UNTIL THE SUB HAS COMPLETELY SURFACED!



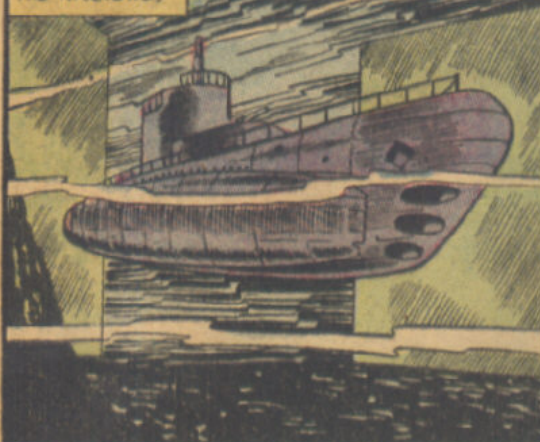
# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN

LATER, FEELING HER WAY WITH SONAR, THE "STINGER RAY" BLINDLY EASES HER HULK THROUGH THE NARROWS!



WHILE ABOVE, AN OMINOUS COMMAND IS GIVEN...

THE "STINGER RAY" IS TRAPPED! MAN THE PUMPS! HURRY!

AT ONCE, KILLER!



And WITHIN THE ATOMIC SUB...

STOP THE ENGINES! THE SONAR PICKS UP A BARRIER ON EVERY SIDE OF US! LOOKS LIKE OUR BLIND SONAR OPERATION THROUGH THE NARROWS IS A BUST! IF WE PERISCOPE YOU UP AGAIN IT'LL BE BOOKED AS A FAILURE!

YES, USING MY EYES WOULDN'T MAKE A SUCCESSFUL BLIND RUN! HMM, COMMANDER, I'VE GOT AN IDEA!



EJECT ME FROM THE TORPEDO TUBE, COMMANDER! I'LL CHECK OUTSIDE AND SEE IF THERE'S ANY SERIOUS DANGER! IF THERE ISN'T YOU CAN PROCEED WITHOUT CHEATING ON THE SONAR! IF THERE IS I'LL WARN YOU!

B-BUT IS THAT POSSIBLE, PLASTIC MAN?

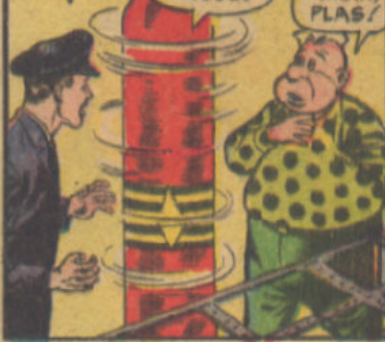


ABRUPTLY, THE MAN OF PLASTIC CONTORTS HIMSELF AND...

S-SUFFERING HANNAH! Y-YOU'RE THE SHAPE OF...A... TORPEDO!

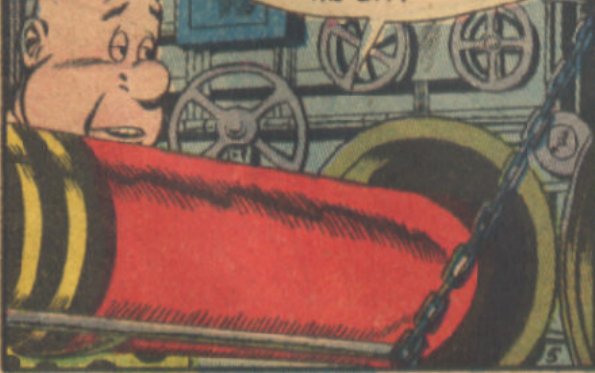
RIGHT...A LIVE TORPEDO! C'MON, WOZZY, GRAB THAT TORPEDO ROLLER AND INSERT ME INTO THE COMPRESSED AIR TUBE!

AW-RIGHT, PLAS!



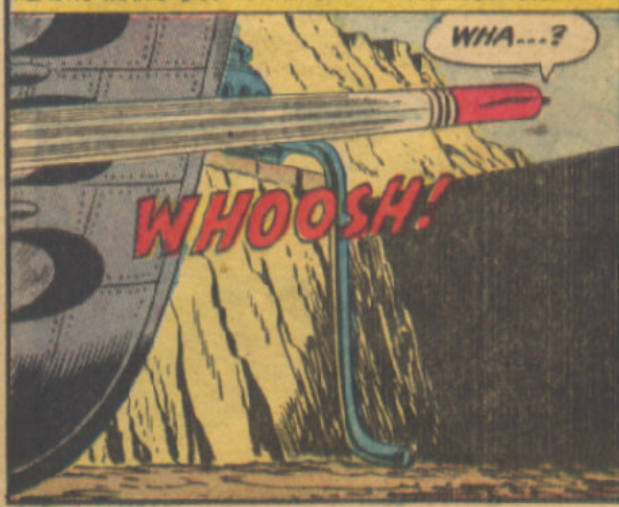
W-WHEW! G-GOSH, PLAS, ARE YOU SURE THIS WON'T HURT YOU?

OF COURSE NOT, WOZZY! THE AIR PRESSURE WILL JUST SHOOT ME HARMLESSLY THROUGH THE WATER! YOU'RE THE ONE THAT'S GOT PROBLEMS... TAKE SOME MORE SEASICK REMEDY AFTER YOU FIRE ME OFF!



THE AUTOMATIC TORPEDO RELEASE IS PRESSED! PLASTIC MAN'S BODY BURSTS FROM THE TUBE AND...

WHA...?





G-GREAT SNAPPING SWORDFISH! KILLER CROSSBONES TRAPPED US INTO A DRYDOCK! WITHOUT WATER RESISTANCE IT'S LIKE BEING FIRED OUT OF A... CANNON!

OOOMPH!

SPLAT!

LONG MINUTES AFTERWARD, PLASTIC MAN REGAINS HIS SENSES!

OH-H-H! THAT'S THE LAST TIME I PLAY TORPEDO... WOW! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THAT SUB!

GOT TO GET T-THE "STINGER RAY" OUT OF CROSSBONE'S DRYDOCK TRAP... WHA? I-IT'S GONE!

I-I MUST HAVE BEEN UNCONSCIOUS LONGER THAN I REALIZED! G-GREAT CATS... THEY'VE HI-JACKED THE WHOLE SHOW... MEN AND ALL! HM'M... GIANT TIRE TRACKS! THEY MUST HAVE HAD A MAMMOTH TRAILER TRUCK WAITING!

CROSSBONES UNDOUBTEDLY HAS A LAIR SOMEWHERE BACK IN THOSE HILLS! I'LL SAVE HOURS IF I CAN SURVEY THE DISTRICT FROM THE AIR... SO...

...I'LL DO A LITTLE "UPSTAIRS" OBSERVATION! I-I SURE HOPE WOOLLY AND THE CREW HAVEN'T BEEN HURT!



# PLASTIC MAN

SOON AFTER, AS PLASTIC MAN SPIRALS THROUGH THE AIR...

A-A FORTRESS HIDDEN IN THE MOUNTAINS! THAT'S KILLER CROSS-BONES' LAIR ALL RIGHT! B-BUT WHERE IS THE SUB... AND THE MEN?



SUDDENLY...

YEOW! THEY'VE SPOTTED ME...

A-AND MY "ELASTIC" PROPULSION POWER IS ABOUT USED UP!



...HOPE I HAVE ENOUGH SPIN LEFT FOR ONE POWER DIVE!



BULLSEYE!

YIPE! LOOK OUT! YAAAA!

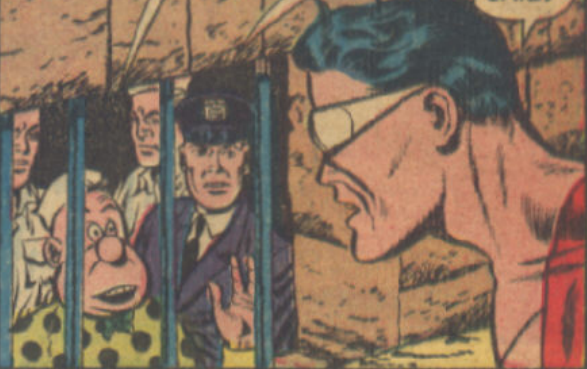
P-PLAS!



BOY, IS IT GOOD TO SEE YOU, PLAS! I-IT WAS AWFUL...CROSSBONES CUT THE SUB IN TWO A-AND TOOK IT BY TRAILER TRUCKS TO A FREIGHTER!

YES, PLASTIC MAN, HE'S SHIPPING IT TO RED AGENTS!

SUFFERING CATS!



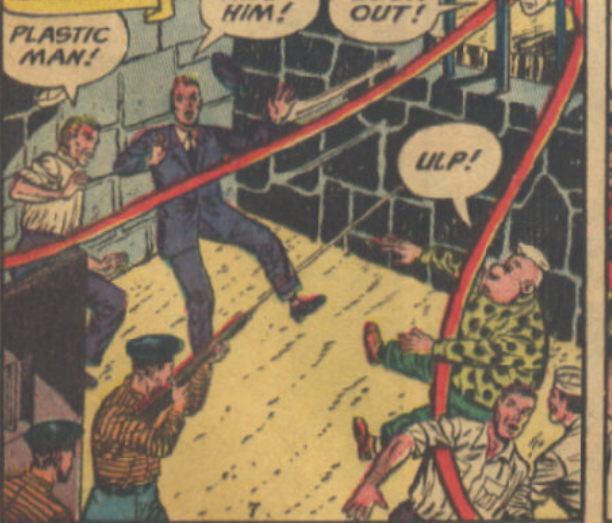
ABRUPTLY...

PLASTIC MAN!

KILL HIM!

LOOK OUT!

ULP!



QUICKLY, THE KING OF STRETCH DARTS INTO ACTION!

WOODY...COMMANDER! GET THE CREW OUTSIDE BEFORE MORE GUARDS ARRIVE!

RIGHT, PLAS! WOW! YOU SURE UPSET THOSE TWO PUNKS!

HURRY MEN!





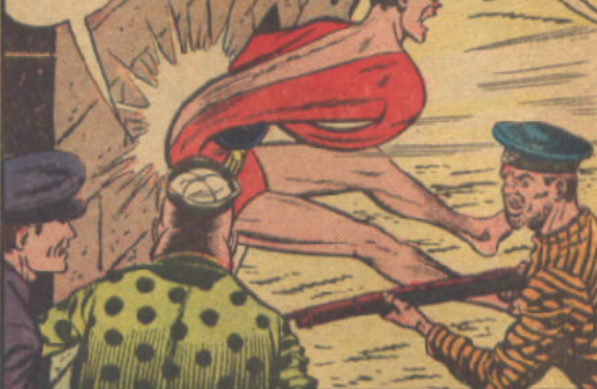
# PLASTIC MAN

BUT KILLER CROSSBONES' MEN ARE QUICK TO TAKE ADVANTAGE OF PLASTIC MAN'S TURNED BACK AND...



OOOMPH!  
OH-H! PLAS!

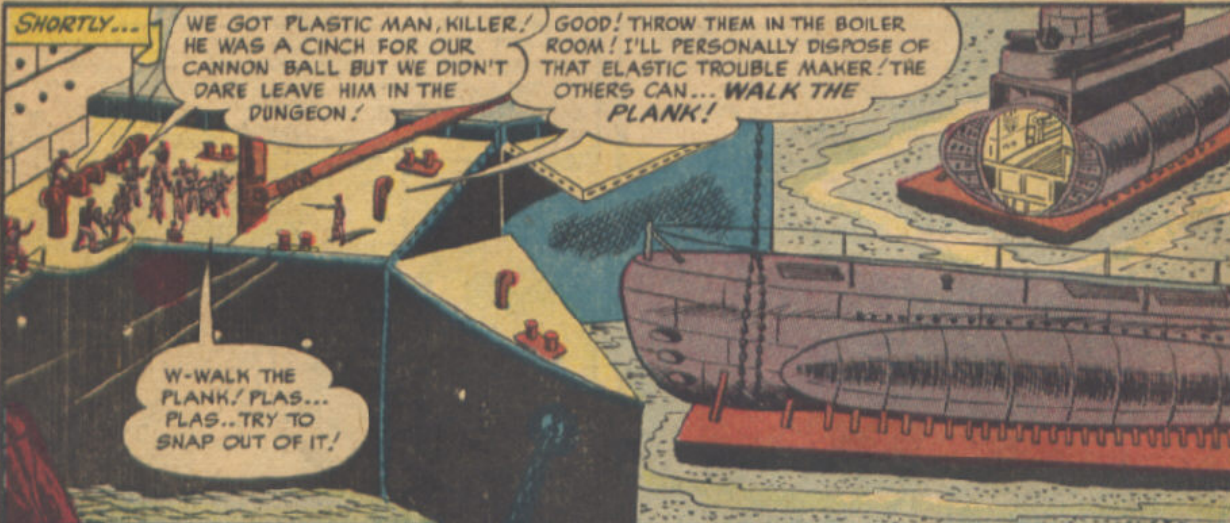
WE'VE GOT HIM! LINE UP THE OTHERS... WE'LL TAKE THEM ALL TO KILLER CROSSBONES ON BOARD THE SHIP!



SHORTLY...

WE GOT PLASTIC MAN, KILLER! HE WAS A CINCH FOR OUR CANNON BALL BUT WE DIDN'T DARE LEAVE HIM IN THE DUNGEON!

GOOD! THROW THEM IN THE BOILER ROOM! I'LL PERSONALLY DISPOSE OF THAT ELASTIC TROUBLE MAKER! THE OTHERS CAN... WALK THE PLANK!



Then, WITHIN THE FIERY BOILER ROOM...

HA! THE END OF PLASTIC MAN AT LONG LAST! CHAIN UP THE OTHER DOGS WHILE I SLASH HIM TO RIBBONS!

PSST, WOZZY! I'M ONLY FAKING EXHAUSTION... WATCH YOURSELF WHILE I TRY TO SABOTAGE THESE BOILERS SO THAT THE SHIP CAN'T RUN!



NOW! GOT TO BUST THAT BOILER!

ZOUNDS! STOP HIM, YOU FOOLS!



YIPPEE! SHOW 'EM, PLAS, OLE BOY!

SWINE! PIGS! OAFS! I'LL STOP THAT RUBBER CLOWN MYSELF!





# PLASTIC MAN



H-HUH? S-SCALDING STEAM!

GIY SH!

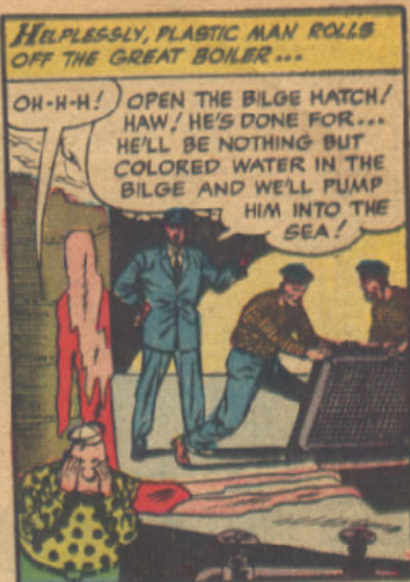
PHOOW!



G-GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE... C-CAN'T WALK! OH-HH!

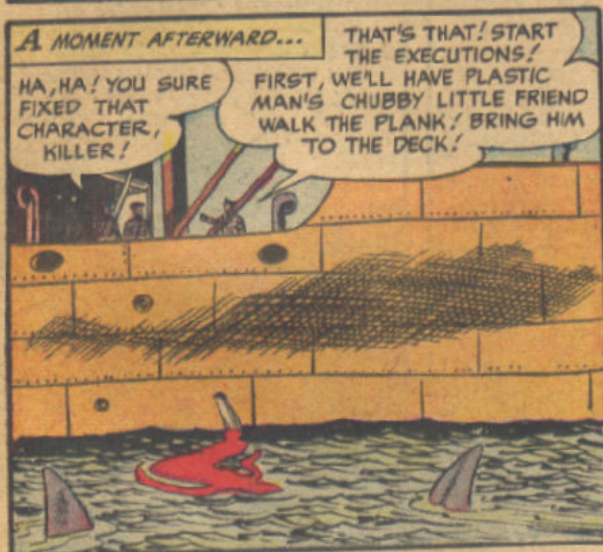
PLAS! PLAS! GET DOWN... THAT BOILER STEAM IS... MELTING YOU!

HAW! I'VE GOT HIM... HE CAN'T MOVE! THE FIERY STEAM IS TURNING HIM INTO A DISH RAG!



HELPLESSLY, PLASTIC MAN ROLLS OFF THE GREAT BOILER...

OH-H-H! OPEN THE BILGE HATCH! HAW! HE'S DONE FOR... HE'LL BE NOTHING BUT COLORED WATER IN THE BILGE AND WE'LL PUMP HIM INTO THE SEA!

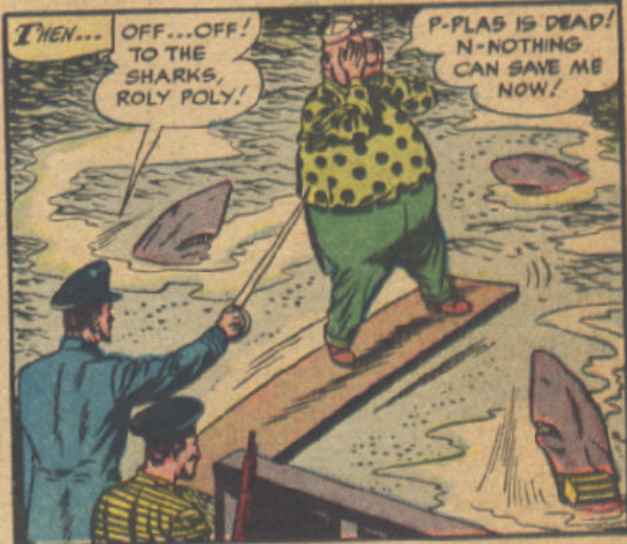


A MOMENT AFTERWARD...

HA, HA! YOU SURE FIXED THAT CHARACTER, KILLER!

THAT'S THAT! START THE EXECUTIONS!

FIRST, WE'LL HAVE PLASTIC MAN'S CHUBBY LITTLE FRIEND WALK THE PLANK! BRING HIM TO THE DECK!



THEN... OFF... OFF! TO THE SHARKS, ROLY POLY!

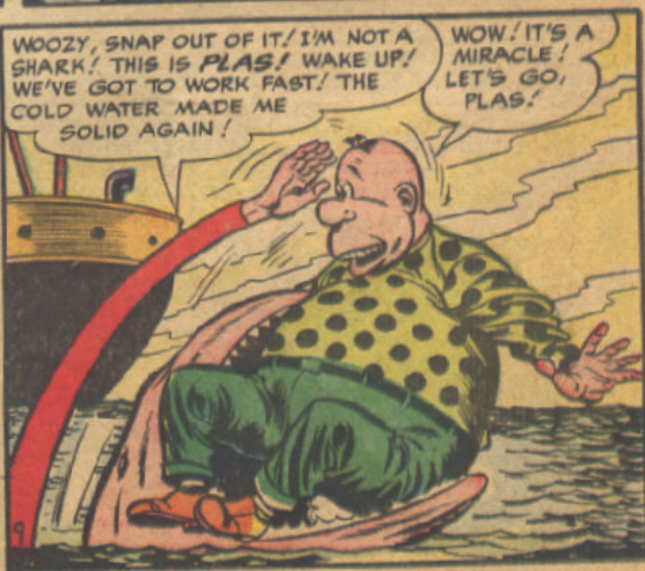
P-PLAS IS DEAD! N-NOTHING CAN SAVE ME NOW!



FAREWELL, WORLD!

SHARK'S GOT 'IM!

HUH? I NEVER SAW A SHARK THAT COLOR, BEFORE!



WOOZY, SNAP OUT OF IT! I'M NOT A SHARK! THIS IS PLAS! WAKE UP! WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST! THE COLD WATER MADE ME SOLID AGAIN!

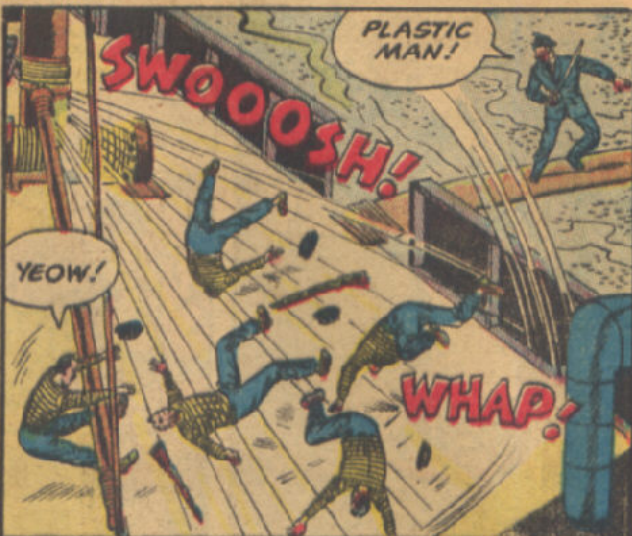
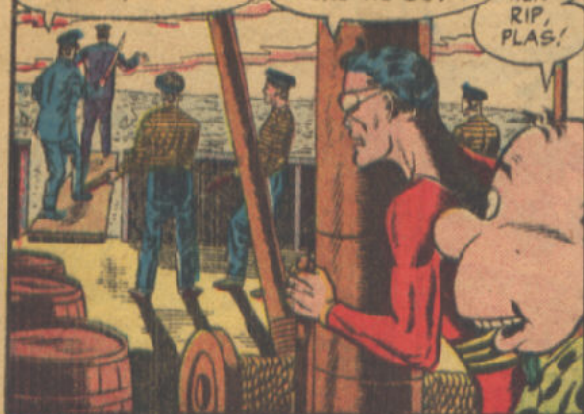
WOW! IT'S A MIRACLE! LET'S GO, PLAS!



# PLASTIC MAN

MINUTES AFTERWARD, AS THE RUTHLESS KILLER CROSSBONES TORTURES HIS NEXT VICTIM...

HA, HA! JUMP, COMMANDER, JUMP! HANG ON, WOODY, LET HER RIP, PLAS!



BUT WHEN PLASTIC MAN AND WOODY HAVE TRUSSED UP THE STUNNED MEN...

ALL RIGHT, THEY'RE HELPLESS ENOUGH! NOW, WHERE IN THUNDER DID KILLER CROSS-BONES GO?

P-PLAS, LOOK!

YOU'VE TURNED THE TABLES ON ME THIS TIME, PLASTIC MAN... BUT YOUR PRECIOUS ATOMIC SUB IS DOOMED! I'VE HAD DYNAMITE PLANTED FOR JUST SUCH AN EMERGENCY AS THIS!



SUDDENLY, A FEARFUL EXPLOSION ROCKS THE FREIGHTER!

T-THE DEVIL! HE BLEW HER UP! WE CAN SWIM FOR IT, BUT THE SUB IS DONE FOR! SHE'S BEEN CUT IN TWO! WATER WILL RUIN HER!

WHEW! MAYBE NOT, COMMANDER JENSON! QUICKLY! LET'S MAKE FOR THE HOLD!

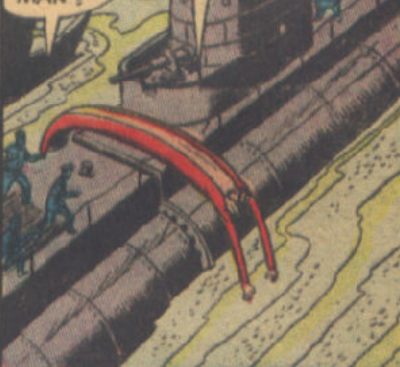


AND MOMENTS LATER IN THE HOLD...

G-GREAT HEAVENS! I'VE GOT TO, C-CAN YOU REALLY DO SUCH A THING, PLASTIC MAN?

I HURRY! GET EVERYONE ABOARD!

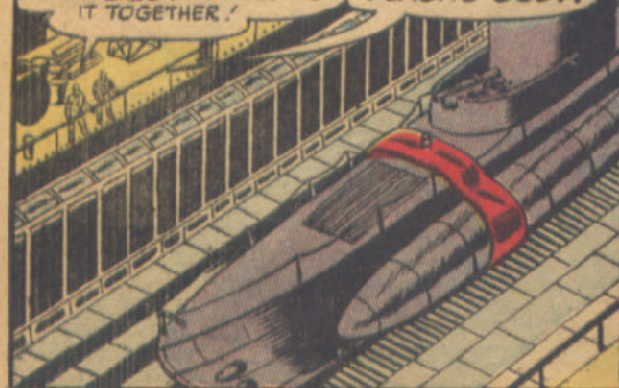
UHP!



HOURS AFTERWARD, A STARTLING SIGHT GREET'S NAVY OFFICIALS AS THE VITAL ATOMIC SUB IS DRY-DOCKED!

G-GREAT GLORY! T-THE SUB HAS BEEN CUT IN TWO! O-ONLY PLASTIC MAN'S BODY IS HOLDING IT TOGETHER!

GOOD GRIEF! H-HE'S WELDED IT TOGETHER WITH HIS PLASTIC BODY!



AND WHEN THE DETERMINED FEDERAL AGENT HAS DETACHED HIMSELF...

SO THAT'S ABOUT IT, GENTLEMEN! KILLER CROSS-BONES' LIFEBOAT WAS SUCKED UNDER FROM THE UNDERTOW OF THE SINKING FREIGHTER! I WAS MIGHTY LUCKY TO KEEP THE SUB TOGETHER UNTIL WE GOT BACK!

LUCKY, MY FOOT, PLASTIC MAN! THAT TOOK NERVES OF STEEL! YOUR BRAVERY HAS SAVED THE NAVY'S MOST VALUABLE POSSESSION!







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I drink I wet I sleep and you can WAVE MY HAIR!

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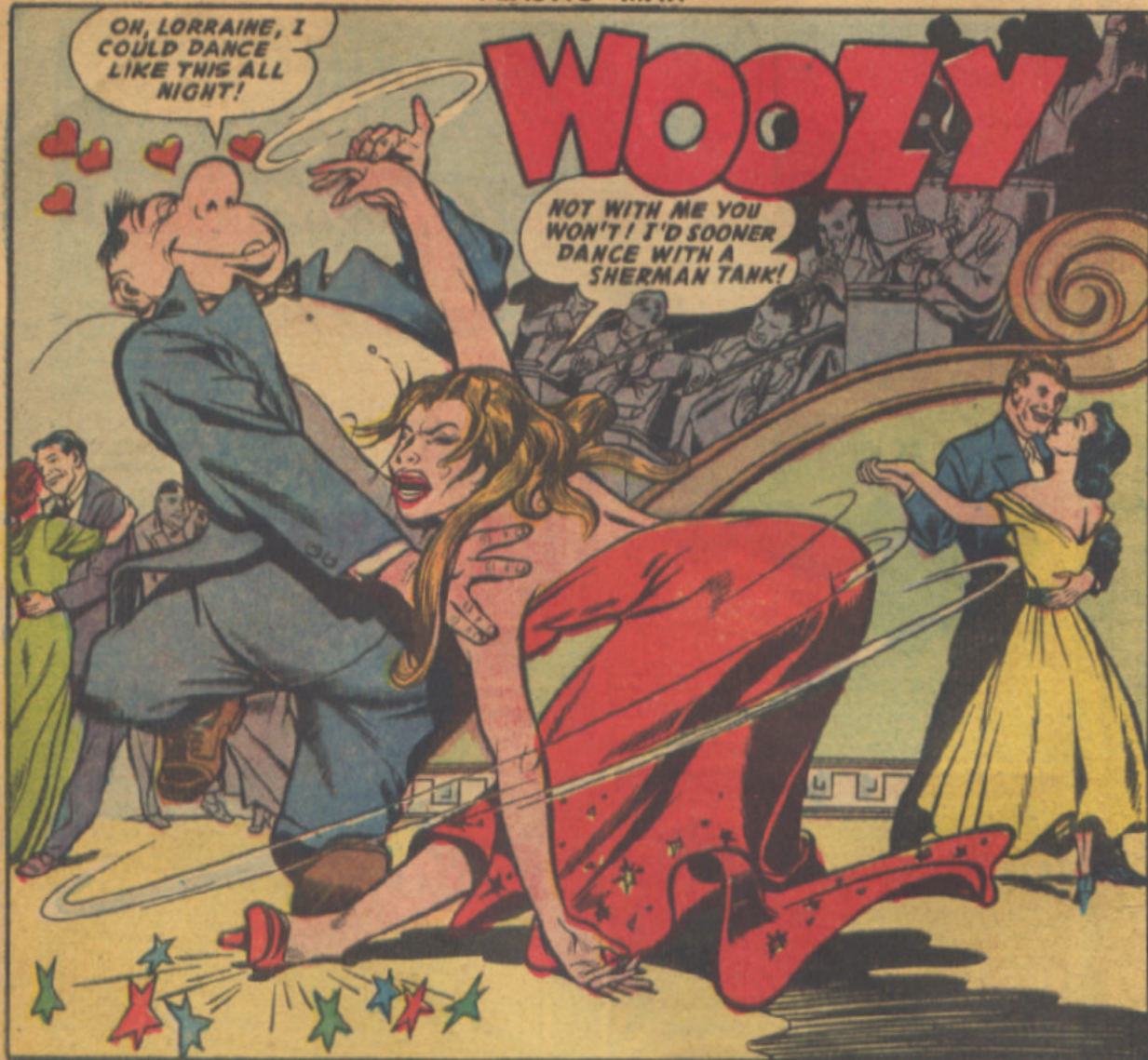
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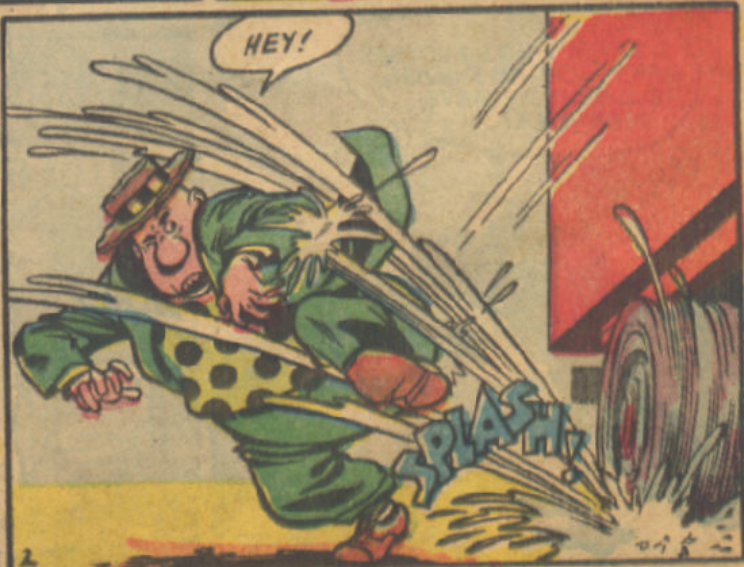


# WOODY



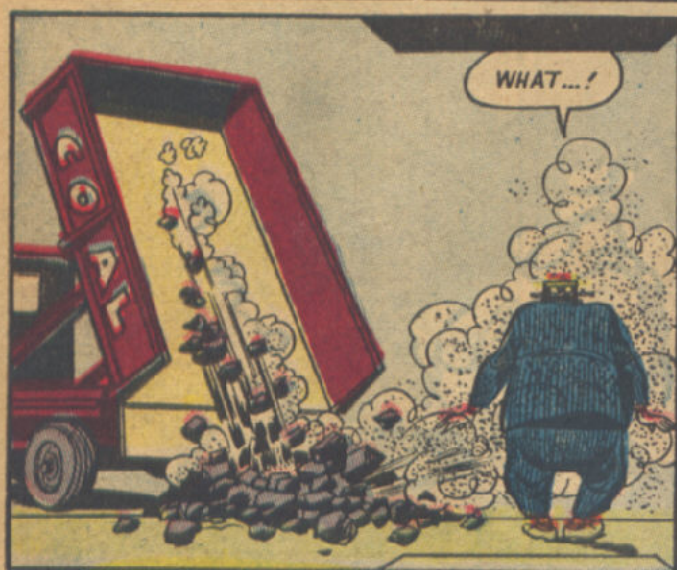


# PLASTIC MAN



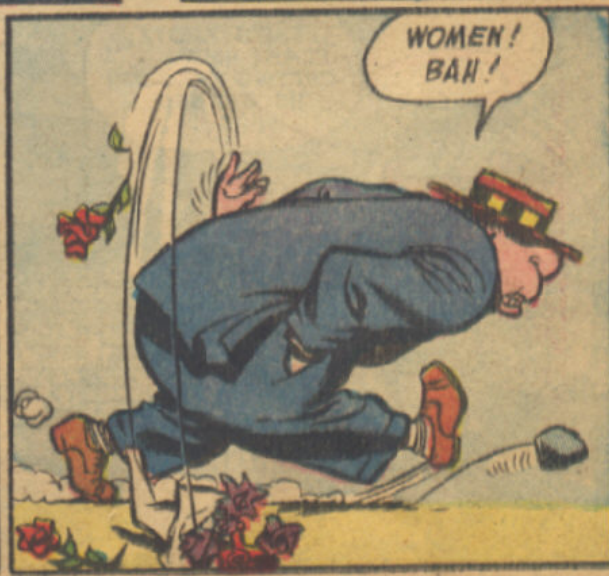
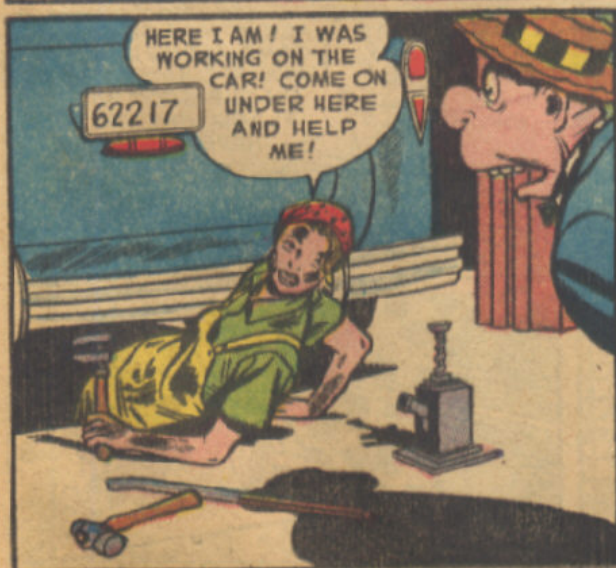
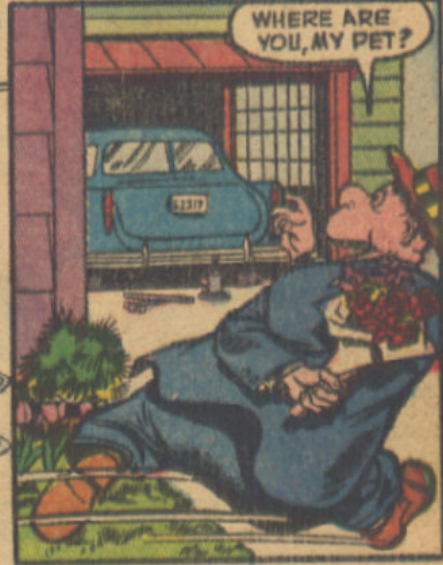
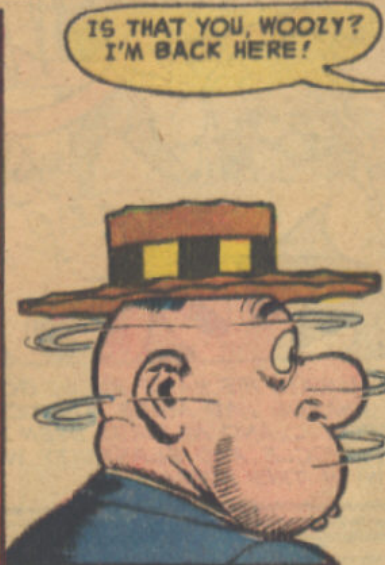


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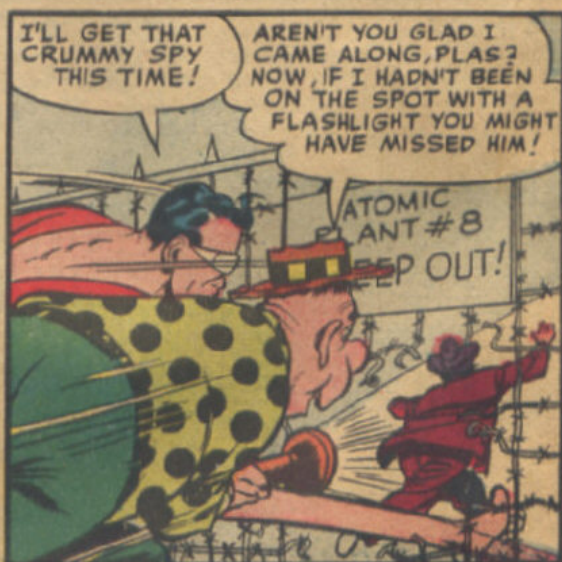
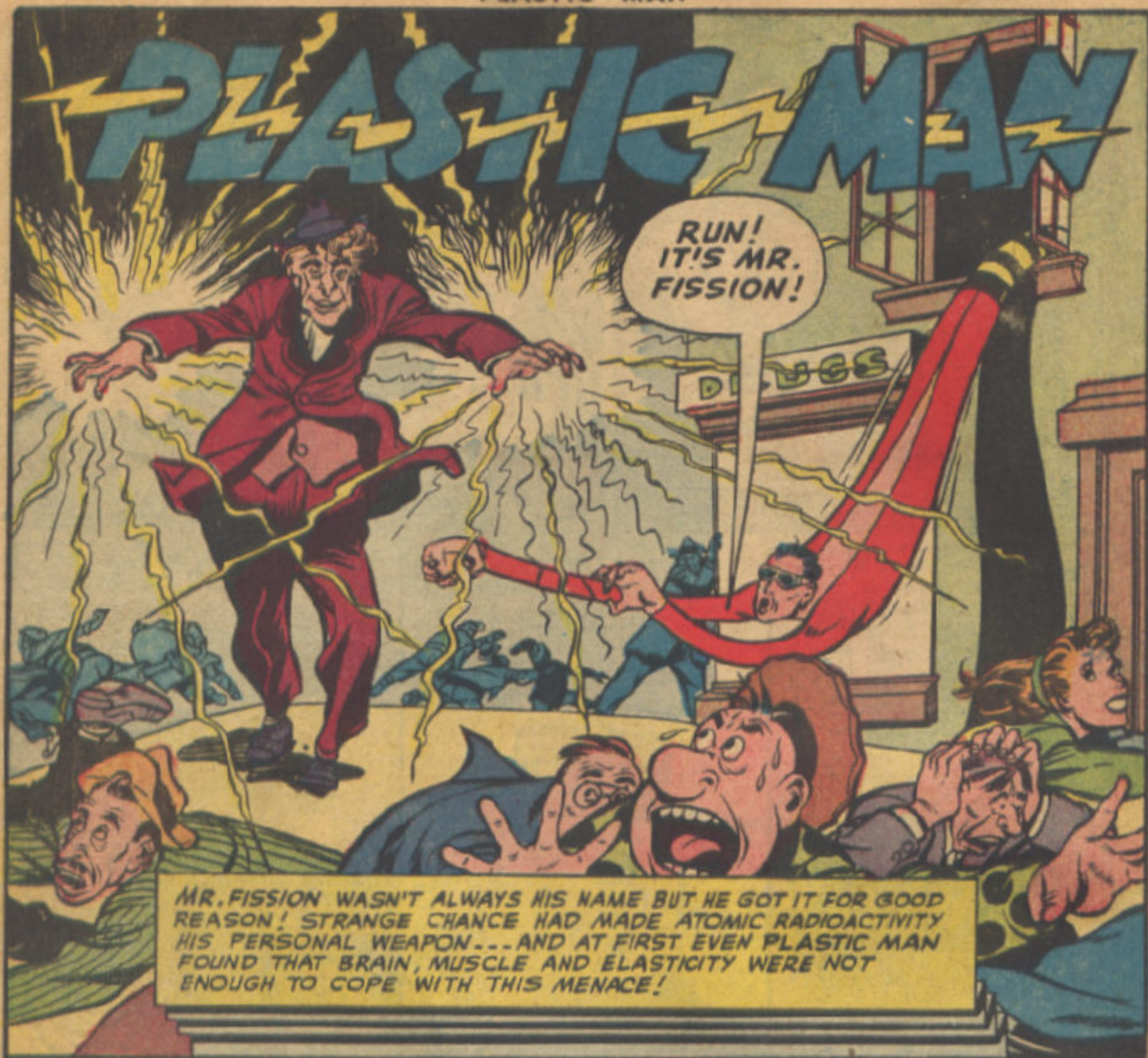




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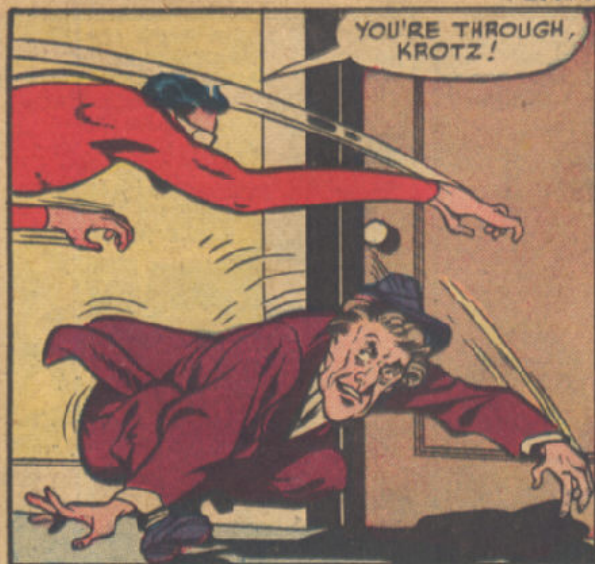








# PLASTIC MAN



YOU'RE THROUGH, KROTZ!



OWW!

OOPS! SORRY, PLAS!

HA!  
HA!

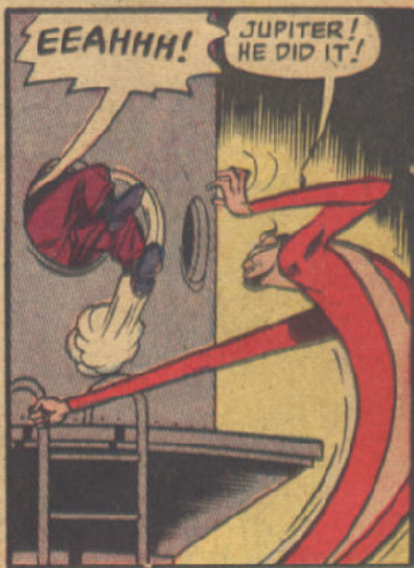


I KNEW YOU'D DO IT SOONER OR LATER, WOZZY!

IT'S ALL RIGHT, PLAS! HE HASN'T GOT MUCH OF A START! YOU'LL GET HIM!



YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, PLASTIC MAN! I'LL DIE FIRST!



EEAAHHH!

JUPITER! HE DID IT!



WHAT HAPPENED TO HIM, PLAS!

HE FELL OR DELIBERATELY WENT THROUGH THE OPENING OF THAT CYCLOTRON! IT'S A BRAND NEW MODEL AND I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY HOW IT WORKS BUT UNLESS I'M MISTAKEN THERE MUST BE ENOUGH RADIOACTIVE MATERIAL IN THERE TO DESTROY HIM!

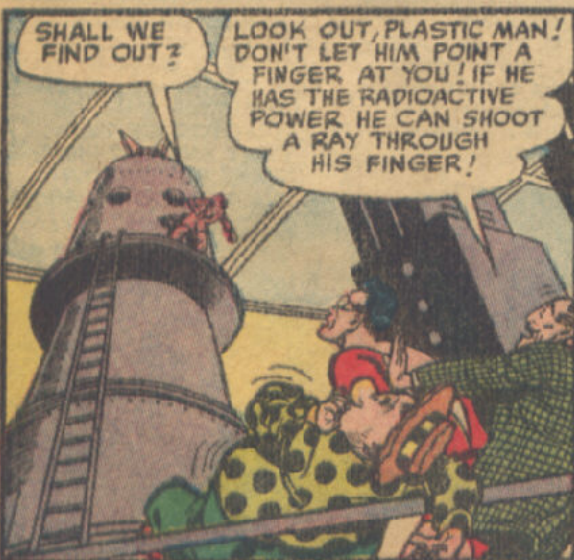
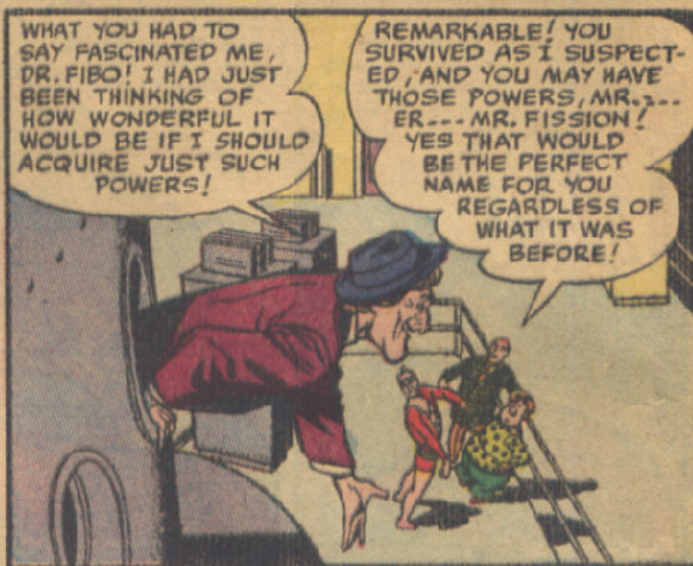
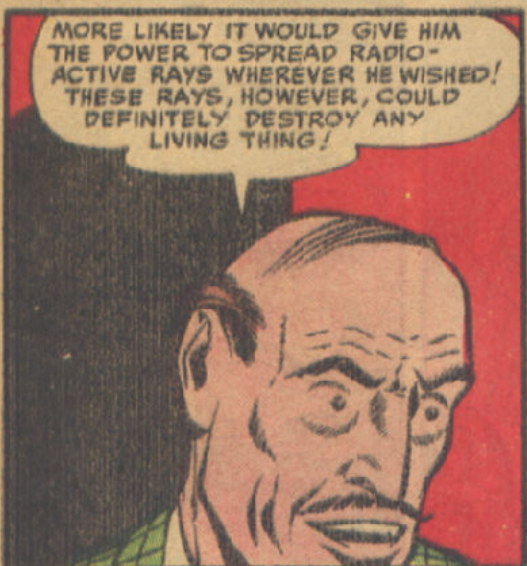


HE MUST HAVE DONE IT DELIBERATELY! KROTZ KNEW YOU'D GET HIM OTHERWISE AND MAKE HIM TELL WHO HIS CONFEDERATES WERE!

IT WOULD BE TOO RISKY TO STICK OUR NOSES INTO THAT GADGET AND FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED! I'D BETTER CALL THE DIRECTOR OF THIS PLANT AND GET HIM DOWN! HE'LL KNOW HOW TO GO ABOUT IT!

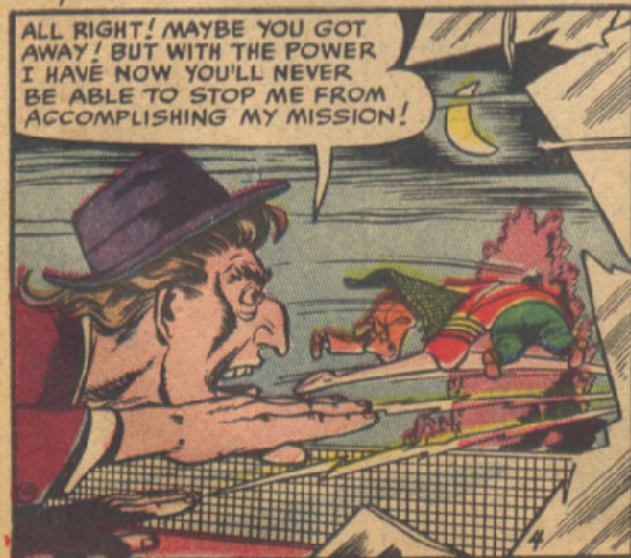
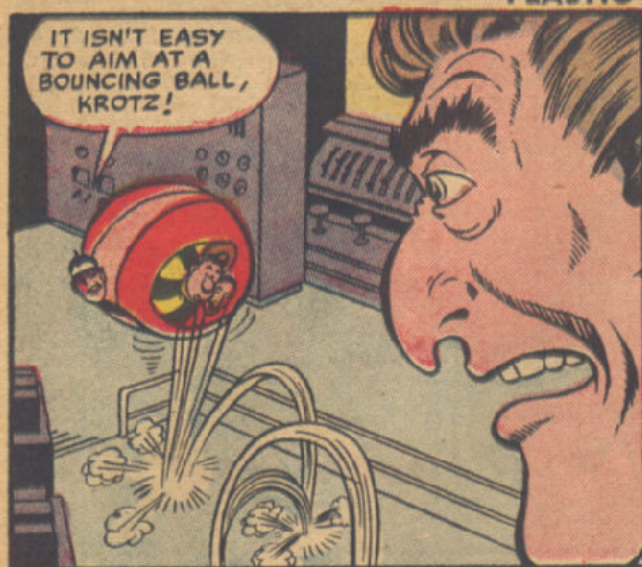


# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN





# PLASTIC MAN

A FEW HOURS LATER AT THE HOME OF DR. FIBO...

MY THREATS WORKED! FIBO DID NOT DARE HAVE ANYBODY HERE WITH HIM! AND EVEN IF SOMEBODY IS HIDING I CAN TAKE CARE OF HIM EASILY!



ALL RIGHT, FIBO, SPEAK UP! WHERE ARE THE PLANS?



IN THAT FILING CABINET, MR. FISSION!

HA! HA! I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR GIVING ME THAT NAME! I RATHER LIKE IT!



NOW TO CROWN MY EFFORTS! MY GOVERNMENT WILL DECORATE ME FOR THIS!



SLAM!

EEEEOW!

I WOULDN'T BE TOO SURE OF THOSE DECORATIONS, MR. FISSION! NOTICE THAT YOUR HANDS ARE NOW UNABLE TO AIM ANY DEATH DEALING RAYS! AT ME!



YEEEEOW!

AND THE SAME GOES FOR YOUR LEGS, MR. FISSION!



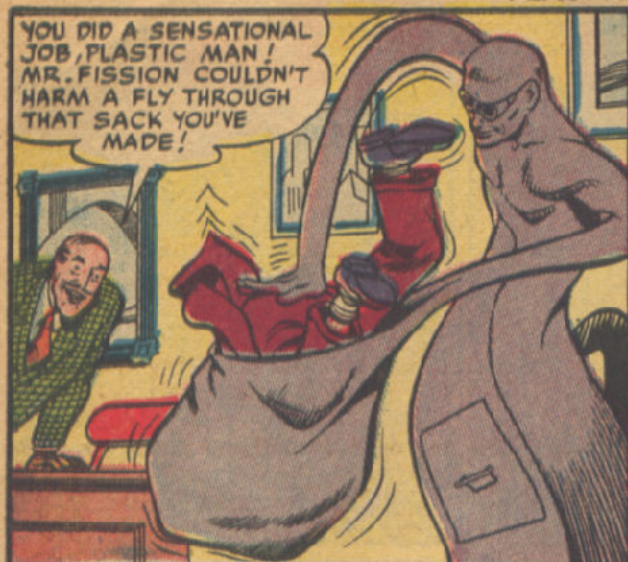
PLASTIC MAN! YIPE!

IN THE FLESH! OR SHOULD I SAY LEAD?

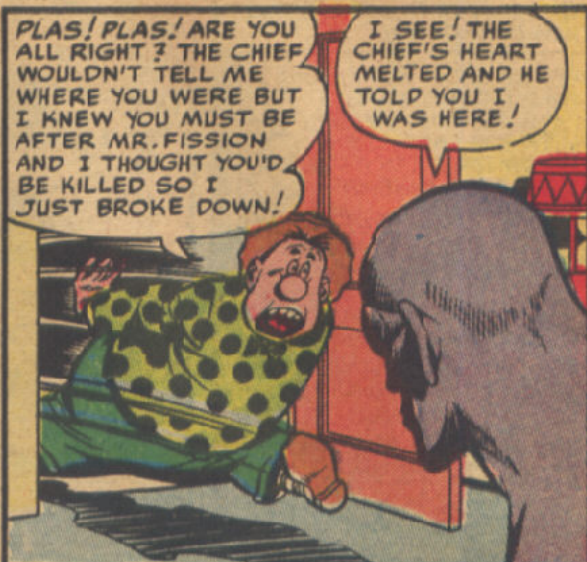




# PLASTIC MAN



YOU DID A SENSATIONAL JOB, PLASTIC MAN! MR. FISSION COULDN'T HARM A FLY THROUGH THAT SACK YOU'VE MADE!



PLAS! PLAS! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? THE CHIEF WOULDN'T TELL ME WHERE YOU WERE BUT I KNEW YOU MUST BE AFTER MR. FISSION AND I THOUGHT YOU'D BE KILLED SO I JUST BROKE DOWN!

I SEE! THE CHIEF'S HEART MELTED AND HE TOLD YOU I WAS HERE!



THAT'S RIGHT! AND I'M GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE STILL SAFE! LET MR. FISSION TURN UP NOW IF HE DARES! I'LL HELP YOU NAB HIM! I'M NOT AFRAID!

YOU DON'T HAVE TO BE! I HAVE MR. FISSION WRAPPED UP RIGHT HERE!



GOLLY! IT MUST HAVE BEEN A TOUGH FIGHT THOUGH! YOU LOOK GRAY WITH EXHAUSTION!

THAT GRAY, WOOLY, IS LEAD! PLASTIC MAN GOT THE IDEA OF COVERING HIMSELF WITH IT AS A SHIELD AGAINST THE ATOMIC RADIATION!



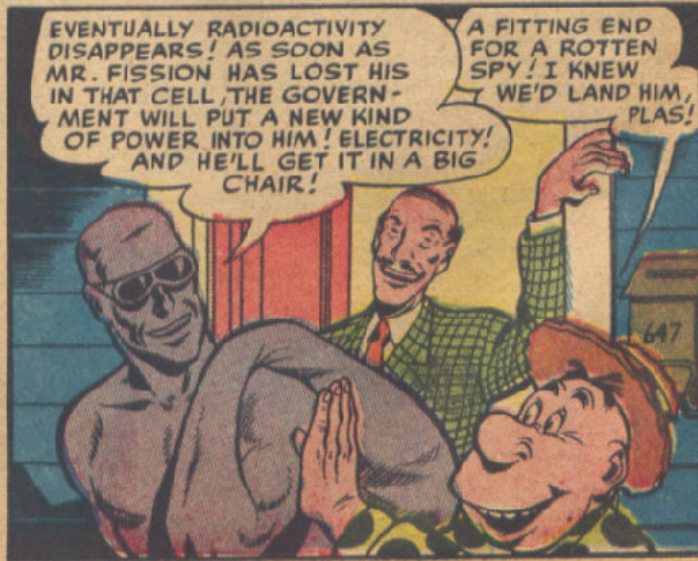
I CONCENTRATED SO HARD ON NEW DEVICES FOR WARDING OFF THE PARTICULAR KIND OF RAYS MR. FISSION HAD AT HIS FINGERTIPS THAT I COMPLETELY OVERLOOKED THE GOOD OLD FASHIONED PROTECTION!

AND I WOULD PROBABLY NEVER HAVE GOTTEN THE IDEA IF THE CHIEF HADN'T HAPPENED TO MENTION THE WORD "LEAD"!



THAT'S ALL VERY FINE! BUT HOW ARE YOU GOING TO PUT HIM IN JAIL? HE'LL KILL ALL THE GUARDS WITH HIS RAYS!

I'VE ALREADY ARRANGED TO HAVE A LEAD LINED CELL CONSTRUCTED! IT SHOULD BE READY NOW!



EVENUALLY RADIOACTIVITY DISAPPEARS! AS SOON AS MR. FISSION HAS LOST HIS IN THAT CELL, THE GOVERNMENT WILL PUT A NEW KIND OF POWER INTO HIM! ELECTRICITY! AND HE'LL GET IT IN A BIG CHAIR!

A FITTING END FOR A ROTTEN SPY! I KNEW WE'D LAND HIM, PLAS!



# The Perfect Plan

AS the blunt object connected with the back of Detective Mike Fry's head, he knew his hunch had been right, but this was a tough way to have it pay off!

The setting was hardly a pretty one. Mike was flat on his face in a mausoleum. He had come to the place on the hunch that the man who had allegedly died of a heart attack two days before, was really alive and active. So active, that Mike was out to prove that Snip Masco, currently the number one bad man turned corpse, had murdered Detective Al Nelson. Mike was particularly hot on this one, because Nelson was his friend and had been piling up evidence that would send Snip Masco to the chair for at least two gangland murders.

Nelson was found dead of a bullet wound. And two days after that, Mike Fry had finally traced Masco to a tenement section on the south side of town. When Mike got to the door, a meager funeral wreath greeted his eyes. Inside he found a flock of relatives around a closed casket. Also present was Snip Masco's prominent doctor. He said he had been treating Snip for heart trouble for years and wasn't surprised at his sudden death. "However," added Dr. Hall, "I wasn't aware of—er—Mr. Masco's true identity."

"Dr. Hall," queried Mike, "knowing Masco's rather unpretentious background, didn't you wonder how he managed to afford the rather high fees of a well-known heart specialist like yourself?" The doctor paused briefly, "Every doctor has a few patients that he 'carries' financially, Mr. Fry." "I thought that was usually taken care of at the clinics," countered Mike. Dr. Hall was interrupted by the funeral director who had arrived with a couple of muscle boys to take the casket away.

That closed casket interested Mike. "Why was it closed at a time that was customary for the viewing?" he mused. But of more interest to him was the way the muscle boys lifted the casket. Just two of them. You'd think they were hoisting a match stick. Mike sprang forward to try an assist. He got there as they started out the door and latched on to one side of the casket as Dr. Hall rushed up to interfere. "Please, Mr. Fry," he snapped, "have a little respect."

Mike left right after that. Back at the office, he did a thorough check on Dr. Hall. He didn't know why he was suspicious of the respected medical man, but somehow his presence at Masco's shabby apartment didn't tie in. It was during these thoughts that Mike's earlier suspicion became the hunch.

He laid it on the line with his Chief. "You're crazy, Mike," said the Chief, "if Snip Masco wasn't

dead, the doctor would not sign that death certificate. And you certainly can't suspect Dr. Hall's motives. He's a big man in the medical profession." Mike replied slowly, "Right now, Chief, I suspect everybody. Snip Masco is a vicious thug. For all we know, he may have something on Dr. Hall."

"Malarky," laughed the Chief. "And what do you mean by 'Snip Masco is.' You're talking about a dead man, Mike." "That's just it," said Mike. "I don't think he's dead. I think that casket was empty and Snip is alive. It's a perfect out for the murder of Nelson and for the other jobs he pulled. And I'll be a happy man when I prove it."

The Chief was burning by this time. "Mike, I'm giving you a strong suggestion. Lay off this angle and try another. You're a little rocky because your best friend got killed. Nelson was a fine man and I know you're trying to prove something, but you're off base!"

Mike left the office in a hurry, jamming his hat on his head as he slammed the door. He checked on his watch and headed for his car. The funeral should be over and the casket would be in the mausoleum waiting interment. He could check it and find out for himself if Snip Masco was dead or alive.

Mike was trying to open his eyes. He remembered the empty coffin but the throbbing pain from the back of his head wouldn't allow him to think. Then he heard voices, familiar voices. "If this wise-guy had kept out of it, we could have gone on without a hitch." That was Snip Masco's snarling tenor. Then the cold, clinical tones of Dr. Hall broke through the haze, "Never mind the 'ifs', Snip, we'll dump this clever detective into your casket and he can take your place in the grave. Now that he knows the situation, we have no other choice."

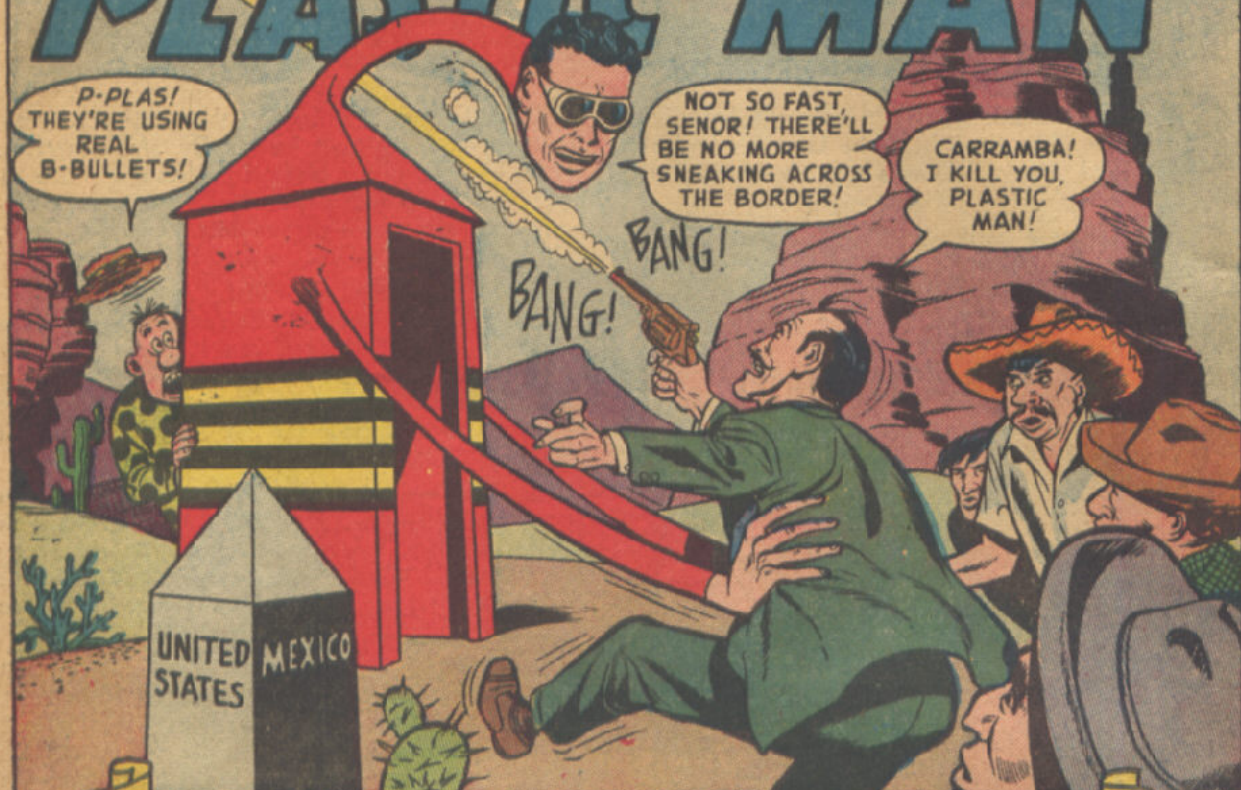
As Dr. Hall bent over the detective, Mike came alive with a fast flip over and a powerful kick to the stomach. That did it, he was a goner when Masco pitched in, and as he faded out under the merciless blows he thought he heard the harps of the angels, only they sounded oddly like police whistles on a high note.

Later, in the Chief's office, with a bandage on his head, Mike thanked the boss for tagging him. "I guessed what you'd do, Mike and you were right all along that line," said the Chief. "Dr. Hall was being blackmailed for earlier gangland activities and was forced to go in with Masco. And the funeral director was in on the frame. They all share the guilt. I've got to hand it to you, boy, you really had it pegged. Congratulations."

Mike gimped home, a happy man!



# PLASTIC MAN



THE BORDER BETWEEN THE UNITED STATES AND MEXICO IS A WIDE OPEN, UNTAMED AREA THAT EASILY LENDS ITSELF TO ILLEGAL ENTRY OF THIS COUNTRY! WHEN ALL EFFORTS BY THE BORDER PATROL FAILED TO STOP THIS ACTIVITY THE FBI CALLED ON ITS ACE OPERATIVE, PLASTIC MAN AND HIS ASSISTANT, WOOLZY, TO HANDLE THE SITUATION! READ WHAT HAPPENS WHEN THE TWO GAY CABALLEROS OF CRIME FIGHTING GO SOUTH OF THE BORDER AND ALMOST REMAIN THERE FOREVER ... AS A CORPSE!

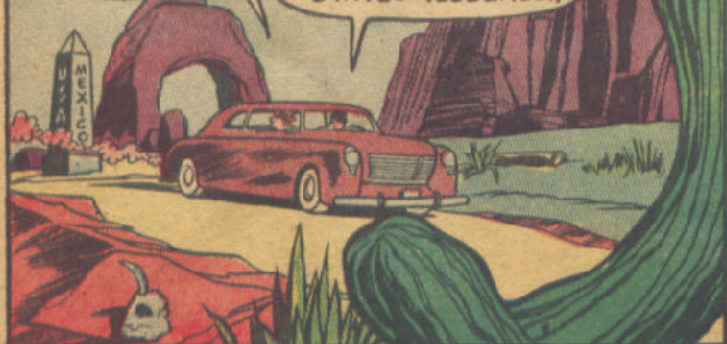
ONE DAY, JUST SOUTH OF THE BORDER DOWN MEXICO WAY...

PLAS, WE'VE JUST PASSED THE MEXICAN BORDER! WHERE ARE WE GOING? ARE WE ON A VACATION?

NO, WOOLZY, WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO INVESTIGATE THE GREAT INCREASE IN THE NUMBER OF MEXICANS WHO ARE ENTERING THE UNITED STATES ILLEGALLY!

THE CHIEF IN WASHINGTON THINKS THERE'S AN ORGANIZED RING BRINGING THESE MEXICANS TO THE UNITED STATES! UP TILL NOW THE F.B.I. HASN'T BEEN ABLE TO CATCH THEM SO WE'VE BEEN ASSIGNED TO THE CASE!

GOSH! WHERE DO WE FIND THIS RING, PLAS?



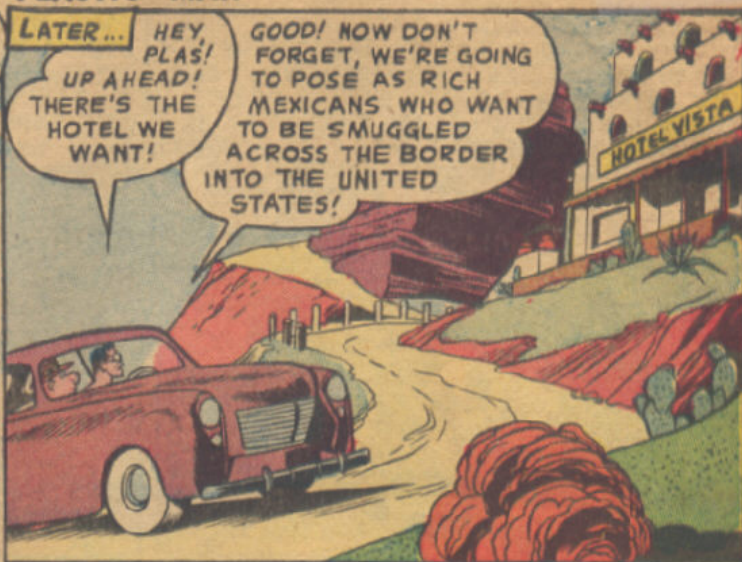


# PLASTIC MAN



THE ONLY INFORMATION THE F.B.I. HAS IS WHAT THEY GOT FROM ONE OF THE MEXICANS THEY PICKED UP IN THE STATES! HE SAID HE MADE CONTACT WITH THE RING AT THE VISTA HOTEL JUST OUTSIDE OF MONTERREY!

THEN LET'S GO! MONTERREY HERE WE COME!



LATER... HEY, PLAS! UP AHEAD! THERE'S THE HOTEL WE WANT!

GOOD! NOW DON'T FORGET, WE'RE GOING TO POSE AS RICH MEXICANS WHO WANT TO BE SMUGGLED ACROSS THE BORDER INTO THE UNITED STATES!



SOON...

AH, SENORS, WELCOME TO THE HOTEL VISTA! HOW LONG ARE YOU PLANNING TO STAY?

WE DON'T REALLY KNOW! YOU SEE, WE'RE TRYING TO GET INTO THE UNITED STATES AND UNTIL WE CAN CONTACT THE PEOPLE WHO CAN HELP US WE'LL HAVE TO STAY HERE!

IT'S VERY IMPORTANT FOR US TO GET ACROSS THE BORDER! WE'RE WILLING TO PAY WELL!

YOU HAVE COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE! FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS APIECE YOU TWO CAN BE TAKEN CARE OF!



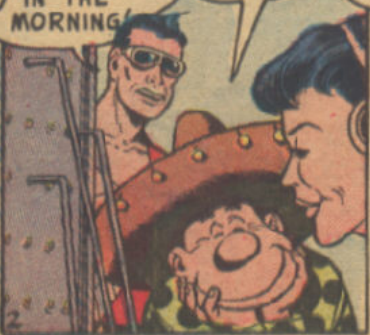
THEN IT IS ALL ARRANGED FOR TOMORROW MORNING!

RIGHT! NOW WHERE DID SENOR WOZZY GO?

YOU KNOW, SENORITA, YOU'RE THE BEST NUMBER IN THE BOOK! YOU SURE RING THE BELL WITH ME!

COME ON, WOZZY! WE'VE GOT TO GET OUR ROOM AND BE READY FOR AN EARLY START IN THE MORNING!

I'M NOT SO SURE THAT I WANT TO LEAVE MEXICO NOW THAT I'VE FOUND MY DREAM GIRL!



SHORTLY AFTER...

...SO WHEN HE OFFERED TO GET US SMUGGLED ACROSS THE BORDER I KNEW WE HAD COME TO THE RIGHT PLACE!

THEN WHAT ARE WE WAITING FOR? LET'S CLOSE IN AND NAB THE ROOM CLERK NOW!



# PLASTIC MAN



I HAVE OTHER PLANS!  
I WANT TO FIND OUT  
THE OPERATIONS OF  
THE ENTIRE RING SO  
WE'RE GOING TO GO  
THROUGH THE MOTIONS  
OF BEING SNEAKED INTO  
THE STATES!

GOSH, IF THEY TURN  
US BACK AT THE  
BORDER WE'LL HAVE  
TO STAY IN MEXICO  
AND THEN I CAN BE  
WITH THAT GORGEOUS  
SEÑORITA AT THE  
SWITCHBOARD...



C'MON, FORGET THAT  
STUFF! WE'VE GOT  
TO BE READY FOR  
AN EARLY START!  
I'M GOING TO  
BED!

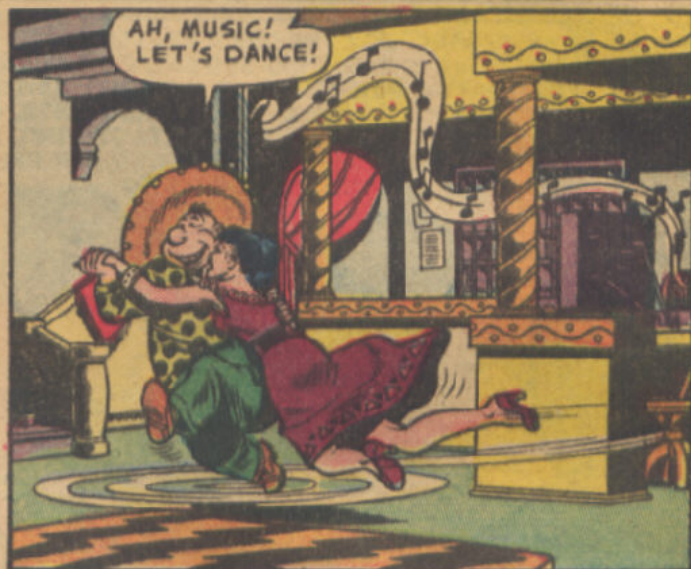


UH... I THINK I'LL TAKE  
A LITTLE STROLL  
FIRST! I WANT  
SOME FRESH AIR  
BEFORE GOING  
TO BED!



HELLO SENOR! I  
THOUGHT YOU  
WENT TO  
BED!

I HAD TO SEE YOU  
ONCE MORE SO I  
COULD DREAM  
OF YOU!



AH, MUSIC!  
LET'S DANCE!



OH, BOY!  
CHARLESTON!  
CHARLESTON!  
DA-DA-DEE-  
DA!

PLEASE! PLEASE!  
I CAN'T DO  
THAT  
DANCE!

YOU DANCE THE  
AMERICANO  
DANCE STEPS  
VERY WELL,  
SENOR! HOW  
COME YOU LEARN  
SUCH DANCES  
HERE IN  
MEXICO!



WELL, IT'S  
A SECRET!  
CAN I TRUST  
YOU TO KEEP  
A SECRET!



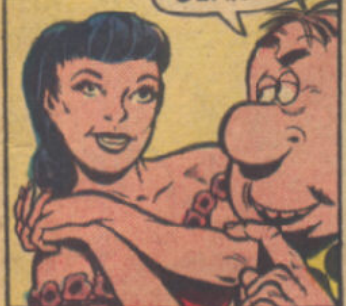
BUT OF COURSE, I'M NOT  
SENOR! REALLY A  
MEXICAN! MY  
FRIEND PLASTIC MAN  
AND I ARE REALLY  
TWO BIG SHOT F.B.I.  
AGENTS! WE ARE  
DOWN HERE WORKING  
ON A CASE!



# PLASTIC MAN

OOH! HOW ROMANTIC! YOU ARE WONDERFUL!

REMEMBER NOW! NOT A WORD TO ANYONE! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO PLAS BEFORE HE MISSES ME! HASTA LA VISTA, MY DEAR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER...

...SO I FOUND OUT THEY ARE AGENTS OF THE AMERICAN F.B.I.! WE ARE IN DANGER!

DO NOT WORRY! WE WILL TAKE CARE OF THESE TWO SNOOPERS IN SUCH A WAY THAT OTHERS WILL BE AFRAID TO FOLLOW THEM!



THE NEXT MORNING...

COME, SENORS, I WILL DRIVE YOU MYSELF TO THE PRIVATE AIRPORT WHERE WE WILL HAVE THE PLANE WAITING FOR YOU!

HMM! SO THAT'S HOW IT'S DONE!



LATER...

THERE IS THE PLANE THAT WILL TAKE YOU OVER THE BORDER! YOU SEE IT IS DISGUISED AS A CARGO SHIP AND - HEH - HEH, YOU ARE THE CARGO!



YOU BOARD THE PLANE NOW AND I WILL GO MAKE THE ARRANGEMENTS!

PLAS, IS THIS TRIP NECESSARY? COULDN'T WE GRAB THEM NOW!

NO, WOOLLY, I WANT TO FIND OUT WHERE THEY CROSS THE BORDER!



HELLO, AMIGO! THESE MUST BE SPECIAL TRAVELLERS IF YOU BRING THEM HERE YOURSELF!

YOU ARE RIGHT! THEY ARE SPECIAL TRAVELLERS AND I WANT TO ARRANGE A SPECIAL TRIP FOR THEM. HERE'S WHAT YOU DO...

SHORTLY AFTER...

PREPARE TO TAKE OFF!

THIS IS A RISKY TRIP AND IT MAY CALL FOR SOME RISKY PLANE MANEUVERING! I WANT YOU TO SIT RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE THERE, TO HELP KEEP THE BALANCE EVEN!





# PLASTIC MAN



A SHORT TIME LATER...





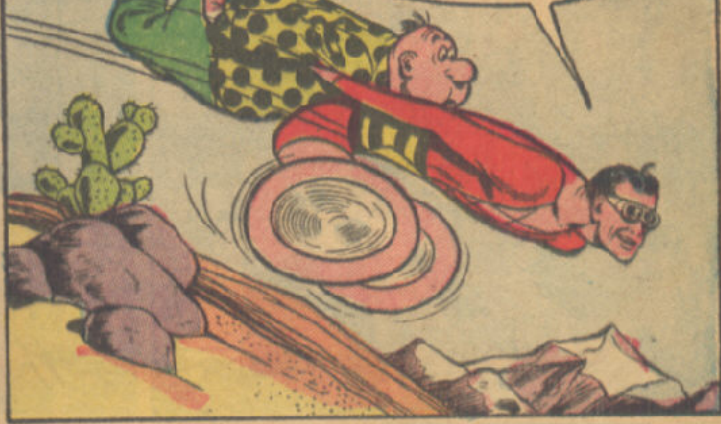
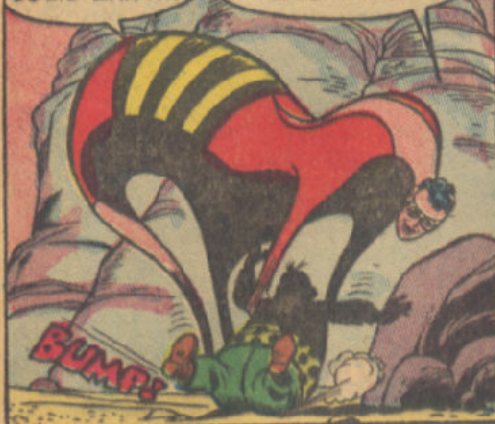
# PLASTIC MAN

PERFECT ONE POINT LANDING AND AM I GLAD TO FEEL THAT SOLID EARTH!

WE'VE NO TIME TO LOSE, WOODY! WE'VE GOT TO ROUND UP THAT ENTIRE SMUGGLING RING!

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

WE'RE HEADING BACK TO THE AIRPORT AND WE'VE GOT TO GET THERE BEFORE THEY RETURN WITH THAT PLANE!



LATER...

WE JUST MADE IT! YOU WAIT IN HERE, WOODY, WHILE I TAKE CARE OF THE PILOTS!

WELL, THAT WAS A SUCCESSFUL TRIP! I DON'T THINK WE'LL BE BOTHERED AGAIN FOR A WHILE!

I GUESS I'LL REFUEL THE PLANE TO BE READY FOR THE NEXT TRIP!

GIVE ME A HAND WITH THE HOSE!

SURE, I'LL... YIPES!



HELLO, BOYS! SINCE YOU'RE FLIERS YOU WON'T MIND GOING FOR A SPIN!

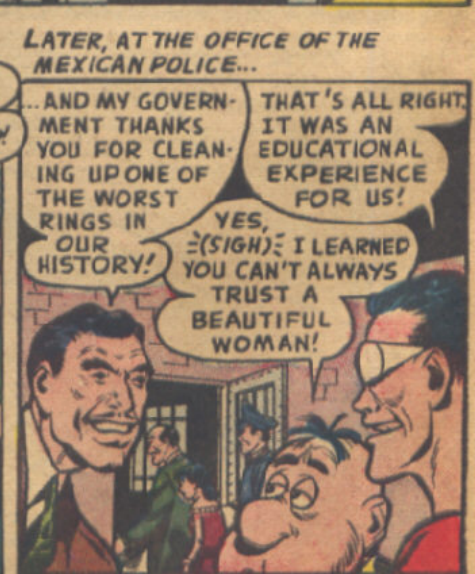
TOO BAD! THEY FORGOT TO FASTEN THEIR SAFETY BELTS! YOU GUARD THESE TWO, WOODY! I'VE GOT TO GET BACK TO THE HOTEL, PRONTO!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT THEM, PLAS! I'LL HAVE THEM TIED UP BEFORE THEY REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS!





# PLASTIC MAN





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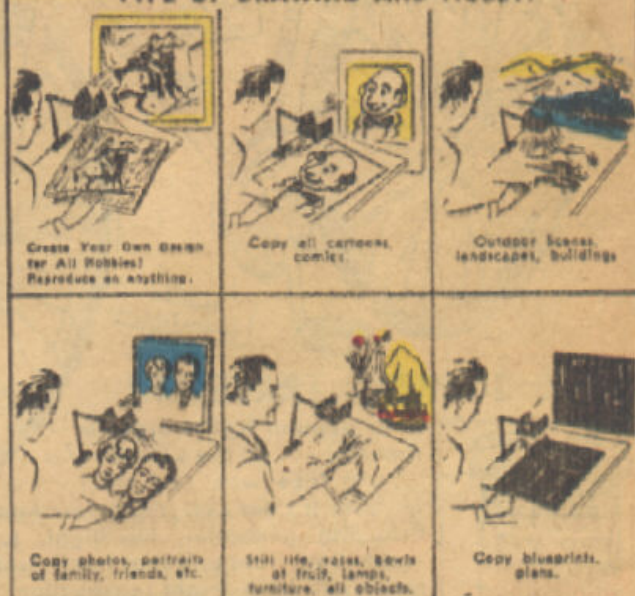
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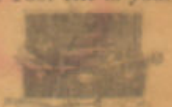
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